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which will take the place of books, business, and home occupations, in studying the habits and watching the beauty of the specimens they have collected. Whoever has seen the forlorn faces of men, women, and children, drawn together without occupation in the common room of a sea-side boarding-house, during a rainy week, will bless the man who first invented the aquarium.

Let not the zealous aquarian go to his work with the high expectation that his feeble farthing candle will become a Pharos to the world. But as the lowest orders of marine organic life by congregating together light up the whole ocean with a phosphorescent glow, so systematic co-workers in this delightful pursuit will aid one another, and in time illumine the depths of the great sea itself with such a flood of knowledge that nothing can remain hidden beneath it.

We cannot better close this article than in the words of a celebrated writer:—

“In wonder all philosophy began, in wonder it all ends, and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration. The first is the birth-throe of our knowledge, the last its euthanasy and apotheosis.”

ART. VII.—1. *Practical Landscape Gardening, with Reference to the Improvement of Rural Residences, giving the General Principles of the Art; with full Directions for planting Shade Trees, Shrubbery, and Flowers, and Laying out of Grounds.* By G. M. KERN. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keyes, & Co. 1855. pp. 328.

2. *Landscape Gardening; or Parks and Pleasure-Grounds. With Practical Notes on Country Residences, Villas, Public Parks, and Gardens.* By CHARLES J. SMITH, Garden Architect, etc. With Notes and Additions, by LEWIS F. ALLEN, Author of “Rural Architecture,” &c. New York: C. M. Saxton. 1853.

SINCE the publication, in 1849, of Mr. Downing's treatise on Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture, no work

of standard character in this department has appeared in our country. Before Mr. Downing's day, this field of authorship was almost wholly unexplored by Americans. He carefully studied and digested the writings of European authors, and incorporated with the principles therein developed whatever precepts his own judgment and taste deemed suited to the wants of American planters and builders. It might have been expected, therefore, that those who came after him would be gleaners in a well-reaped harvest-field. The book placed first at the head of this article is to some extent a volume of gleanings. In treating of the principles of the art, it draws largely, both in formal extract and otherwise, from Repton's "Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening," and from Wheatley's "Observations on Modern Gardening." In the chapters devoted to Practical Operations, there is little which is new; and, indeed, were there more, it could hardly be correct and valuable. They are a brief and excellent summary of the rules everywhere followed by successful planters. The chapter on Rock-work strikes us as of little worth, and the wood-cuts representing artificial "rockeries" will do little towards advancing the public taste. The chapters concerning Public Parks and Cemeteries are valuable, though altogether too short, and, of course, treating the subjects inadequately. A good end will be gained, however, by calling public attention to these matters. Some of the plans given in this volume, for laying out pleasure-grounds and cemeteries, are well conceived and executed, even to the minutest details.

The second book named at the head of this article is of a somewhat different character. It is an English work, and has quite an English air about it. The author acknowledges his "willingness to sit at the feet of Wheatley, Price, and Gilpin," yet maintains that there is something more to be learned than can be found in the works of any master. His book, accordingly, betrays an affectionate study of the literature of his subject, and is not without originality. As might have been expected, some parts of it are of little practical use to American readers. In particular, the chapters on the hardy trees and shrubs appropriate for English parks and lawns,

must be taken with more qualification than the American Editor has seen fit to give in his Notes. The laurels, hollies, rhododendrons, deodars, and yews, of which the author speaks so familiarly, may thrive very well in the mild winters and under the weeping skies of England; but their successful culture is an impossibility in the cold, dry, and variable climate of our Northern States. And we could heartily wish that Mr. Allen had told us more distinctly and fully which of our native trees and shrubs may be substituted for these fragile foreigners.

This book, as a whole, has afforded us much pleasure and information. It is eminently practical, and is written in a plain, unambitious style. Presuming that the reader's taste is already somewhat formed, and that his zeal needs little stimulus, it comes to guide that zeal and to help that taste in working out real and important results. Our country abounds with persons intent upon laying out new or improving old grounds, and who wish to create scenes of beauty around their homes. They have read in prose and poetry of velvet lawns, leafy groves and thickets, groups and masses, statues and vases; but they have no clear and definite conceptions of what they wish to accomplish; much less do they know how to produce in actual existence the scenes dimly floating in their imaginations. They do not know where to cut down a tree, or where to plant one; where to clear up shrubbery, or where to set it; where, or when, or how to plant evergreens or deciduous trees, singly or in groups. To such persons this volume will furnish many valuable suggestions.

In the works above referred to, some of the general principles on which ornamental planting should proceed are presented with clearness and force. It is noticeable here, however, as it is with most writers on this subject, that it is made the highest end of landscape art to produce a scene which shall be simply beautiful or picturesque or grand. The appeal is to the eye rather than to the mind. But may we not proceed a step farther? May we not so plan and plant our grounds, as both to awaken and to express some of the loftiest sentiments of the soul? Each scene will of course demand its own expression. It may be dignity, pro-

portion, grandeur; or grace, whether of motion or repose; or cheerfulness, tranquillity, security. The Creator, it is believed, has given to each vegetable structure and form its own expression, and these, variously combined, may be used to typify some of the noblest ideas and purest emotions. And the artist who knows how to interpret nature can set about the creation of new scenes, certain of success in his work. He will not be satisfied with simply adorning his grounds with arbors, statues, grottos, and other works of art, or with planting trees, shrubs, and gay flowers; he will desire to go beyond the senses, and to address the memory and imagination, the poetical and moral sentiments. If one tree is essentially beautiful, he will plant it for the sake of its beauty. If another, though deficient in beauty, yet appeals in some way to man's higher nature, he will plant it for that reason. A *quasi* amateur once said he would not plant a certain tree in his grounds, "because it was not *fashionable*." The thoughtful gardener will not inquire what is fashionable, but what is truly fit and beautiful, and what is interesting from its expression and for the associations connected with it.

This principle of association, in its relation to ornamental gardening, deserves more thought than it has hitherto received. Dismissing, therefore, other topics suggested by the books before us, we wish to dwell a short time upon this. No small share of the interest we feel in all objects, times, and places, arises from the operation of this principle. The rusty coins which the antiquarian treasures up, because they bear the image and superscription of ancient kings, and commemorate important events in history, would not be received at the bank, and would hardly sell for old copper or brass. The relics of ancient Egypt and Assyria, obtained at great expense and stored up in museums with pious care,—what are they worth more than the lumber in a thousand garrets? Are the waters of the Jordan and the Tiber better than those of the Chippewa River or the Great Pedee? Of what value is a fragment of Plymouth Rock above any other piece of granite,—or a branch from the "Charter Oak," or from the trees overhanging Washington's tomb? The chief attraction of our national holidays, of our annual State festivals, and

our various domestic anniversaries, — does it not lie in the memories they revive? We love our country, our State, our native town, doubtless because they are ours; but how much is that attachment increased by the interesting events which we know to have transpired within them! And the home of our childhood, — what makes it the home it is, separating it from all other places on earth, hallowing its soil and endearing its very walls, unless it be this principle of association?

Many trees and plants are interesting for a similar reason. They may or may not possess the element of beauty; yet if they have become linked with historical facts, or if they symbolize poetical and moral sentiments, or in any way deeply affect the mind and heart, they are worthy of special regard. To illustrate our meaning, we might allude to the cedar. This was peculiarly the tree of Palestine, bristling along the ridges of Lebanon, and crowning the hills around the Holy City. The temple and the palace were built of this tree: “all was cedar; there was no stone seen.” It was believed that “God loved it more than any other tree.” The palm-tree has both a sacred and a classical importance, having been used from the earliest times as an emblem of integrity, constancy, fruitfulness, patience, and victory. So of the olive-tree: it is associated with the subsidence of the flood, and with important events in the life of the Saviour. It has always been a token of peace.

Unlike those we have named, the oak is a tree of all times and latitudes. Under this tree Abraham spread his tent at Mamre. Under an oak, Joshua set up the tabernacle of Jehovah for divine worship. Throughout all the East, no spot was more desired for a burial-place than the shade of an oak. In Greece, it was

“Jove’s own tree,
That held the woods in awful sovereignty.”

In England, it has been from the first a national tree, flourishing around her cathedrals and baronial halls, and imparting grandeur to her parks and hunting-grounds. Her navy proudly sails in “oaken walls”; her army fights with “hearts of oak.”

The elm is not without classical associations. The American white elm surpasses all other varieties in beauty, and has

been so universally planted as to have become, with the maple, almost a national tree. It is associated especially with the older towns of New England, with their training-fields, their village streets and ancient farm-houses.

Perhaps no tree or plant is more suggestive than the vine. Originating in Persia, it found its way very early into India, Greece, Sicily, and all the temperate regions of the Old World. One has observed, very justly, that "the classics seem to have been written under its shade: their pages exhale the sweet odor of its fruit." It is mentioned very frequently in the Old and New Testaments, as furnishing a pleasing shade, a healthful fruit, and an invigorating and wholesome beverage. It is often used as a symbol of peace and plenty. Our Saviour has for ever hallowed it by styling himself "THE VINE," and by constituting the juice of its clusters a perpetual emblem of his love.

But we need not speak at length of other trees and plants in their mythological or historical relations. Some trees have a marked expression which renders them suggestive, and others have poetical and moral associations which are worthy of notice. Evergreens, as a class, suggest ideas of protection, seclusion, shelter,—of smiles amid surrounding gloom, of constancy amid changes, of life amid desolation and death. In particular, the hemlock and the deodar cedar are pliant and graceful; the balsam-fir is the very image of precision and immobility; the pine is grand and solemn. Deciduous trees are more varied in expression. The maples are comfortable and well-to-do; the white ash is neat and trim, and in the autumn robes itself in royal purple; the elm is gracefully dignified; the Lombardy poplar is all aspiration; the aspen is timidity trembling at every breeze; the oak is strength and sturdy endurance; the willow is affection bending over the dust of the departed.

Nor are flowering plants without expression. Where is there gayety and vanity, if not in the tulip and poppy? or purity and modesty, if not in the lily and primrose? or foppery and ostentation, if not in the cock's-comb and peony? Every eye sees deceit in the monkshood, immortality in the amaranth, hope, even in misery, in the bachelor's button, in-

dustry in broom-corn. The snow-drop and crocus are friends in the storms of adversity; unconscious beauty is in the daisy, ambition in the hollyhock, woman's affection and fidelity in the clinging ivy and honeysuckle, delicacy in the lily-of-the-valley, unchanging love in the myrtle, remembrance in rosemary, domestic virtues in sage, and substantial worth in thyme.

But aside from this universal floral language, there are thoughts connected with flowers which words can hardly express. They are the poetry of the vegetable kingdom. They address our most delicate sentiments, and awaken our tenderest emotions. They charm us by their richness of form, color, and fragrance. Their very fragility attracts us; it touches our sympathy, and makes us love them with almost human affection. If proof were needed of the firm hold which flowers have gained upon the universal heart, we might instance the fact that they are used, in one way or another, to adorn all our daily life. They are woven into our carpets, garments, window-hangings, and nearly all domestic fabrics. They are sculptured in marble, carved in wood and ivory, embossed on gold and silver, cast on our stove-patterns, stamped on our wall-papers, engraved in our books, and painted everywhere. Children love them almost instinctively; maidenly beauty delights to twine them in her hair; they adorn the bride for her husband; they enliven the chamber of sickness; they grace the banquet-table, and are fitly strewn upon the grave. Poets have always rejoiced in them. The pages of Shakespeare and Milton are full of them. Burns's name is identified with the daisy, Wordsworth's with the primrose, Shelley's with the sensitive plant, Goldsmith's with the hawthorn-blossom, and our own Bryant's with the yellow violet and the fringed gentian. Poetry sees in flowers a meaning which escapes the common eye. To her they are the "footsteps of angels";—"stars that in earth's firmament do shine";—

"Jewels and rare mosaics, dotting o'er
Creation's tessellated palace-floor";—

"Or cups and beakers of the butterflies,
Brimming with nectar; or a string of bells
Tolling unheard a requiem for the hours;
Or censers swinging to the skies";—

“Floral apostles, living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book.”

In respect to their moral associations, it may suffice to mention that the pages of Holy Writ are strewn with garlands of floral imagery, symbolizing man's resurrection as well as his frailty, representing human virtues and God's providential care. They “typify the benign intent of the universe.” Springing up as they do, on all the face of the earth, they speak of the boundlessness of God's love; they show that he is not satisfied with making man's abode simply endurable, but would have it a paradise of delight.

Trees and plants have domestic associations also. Not to speak now of fruit-bearing trees and vines, the locust, maple, elm, and balsam-fir, the lilac, rose, and honeysuckle, have been so long planted about every country house, as to form almost an essential part of a rural homestead. Some of the pleasantest recollections of childhood cluster about these familiar objects. But aside from long-established associations, there are others which grow up in one's individual experience, and to which every passing year gives new sacredness and power. When a man sets out to establish a permanent home, the land, timber, bricks, and stones which he buys are only a certain number of acres and a certain amount of building materials, costing so many dollars. But as soon as he enters upon the construction of his house and the arrangement of his grounds, the land and lumber begin to increase in value. The apartments which he plans with care, seeking to make them attractive to his family and guests, the furniture which he selects for their comfort and pleasure, are all worth more than the materials of which they were made. And every year, as it adds its varied experience to the history of the household, only heightens their value. So, too, in the arranging of his garden and grounds, if he does it with zeal, embodying his own individuality in it, he finds that the object of his labor is the object of his increasing love. Let him but plant a tree with his own hands, he at once becomes attached to it. Let him brace it against the riotous winds, water its thirsty roots, cleanse it of insects, and give it all the care it requires, and no sooner will its rootlets shoot out and grasp the soil, than his

affections will fasten upon it, and upon the very earth in which it grows. He will watch its expanding leaves with an interest he never felt in tree-leaves before, and every year he will take new delight in its spreading boughs and thickening shade. Other trees added to his collection will add new objects of interest. In planting this, a darling child held it upright, or with his little spade tried to help, but hindered, the work, and when all was finished named it *his* tree. That was the wife's choice, and in its early growth was nurtured by her tender care. This came from the old homestead, the gift of a venerated father. Yonder shrub was presented by a friend now far away, and this flowering plant was the gift of a beloved sister now in heaven. How can one live and walk among such trees and plants, and not feel that they possess a value beyond price? Each has a history of its own, and is bound up with his history. Nay, each has a life and soul, to which his own heart is linked by the strongest ties.

This reference to some of the associations of trees and flowers will suffice to show that the work of planting and training them may be made an interesting and elevated employment. Some persons have no appetency for gardens. A splendid equipage, costly furniture, sumptuous entertainments, and a surplus at the bank, are with them the chief good. With others, gardens are places of mere amusement or sensuous gratification. What more comfortable than to lie outstretched upon a velvet lawn, beneath a spreading shade-tree, regaled with the sight of brilliant flowers, and half intoxicated with their perfume? And then gardens are fashionable; no gentleman's establishment is complete without one. Others have no higher conception of gardening than as the mere mechanical operation of laying out surfaces in artistic shapes, planting them by rule, in some conventional method, and embellishing the whole with works of art. But, rightly viewed, it is something more than this. It is dealing with associations at once sublime, tender, and beautiful. It surrounds us with the past as with a continual presence. The patriarch sits with us again under the "gnarled, centennial tree" he so much loved. Sages discourse philosophy under the revolving shade of our plane-trees. Orators and poets sweep past us in

their robes, meditating themes of eloquence and song. The great and good of every clime and age are here again, and repeat before us the words and actions of their daily lives. A thousand fancies flutter amid the branches over our heads, and nestle in the flower-cups at our feet. We hear "the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden," reminding us of his continual presence and fatherly care. We find a new charm added to domestic life, which grows stronger with every passing year, and makes home the full realization of its sacred name.

The necessary inference from what we have said is, that the principle of association should be regarded in all attempts at ornamental gardening. It is not enough to set out a few of the most common trees and plants, which are of rapid growth and easy culture. The ailanthus, maple, elm, horse-chestnut, and silver abele are excellent trees; the cabbage-rose, the common lilac, and the syringa are pleasing shrubs, and should be universally planted; but these alone will not constitute grounds well furnished. Something more is wanted than trees enough to occupy a given space, and to afford a given amount of shade. We want those which are intrinsically fit and beautiful, whether common and fashionable or not, and those likewise which are interesting from their suggestiveness. The balsam-fir, for example, is a good and serviceable tree; but where the climate would permit its culture, we should prize the Lebanon cedar more highly. For the same reason, we would plant the oak in preference to the button-ball or bass-wood. The syringa and lilac are handsome; but we would not fail of the hawthorn, the holly, and the yew. The verbena and petunia are gay and desirable flowers, but we would not neglect the violet, the myrtle, and the bee-haunted thyme.

Why should not one's grounds contain as great a variety of trees and plants, from different countries and different climates, as the space will permit,—at least, so far as this can be without sacrifice of essential fitness and propriety? A daily walk in such grounds would be a daily delight. It would bring before us many of the rare and beautiful products of other regions, without the fatigue and exposure of travel. It would give us some little idea of the richness

and variety of the productions of the vegetable world, and it would furnish a very pleasing study to note their peculiarities of form, structure, and growth, as compared with the productions of our own country and neighborhood. That some of these trees and plants would require more pains to cultivate them than the common trees of the wayside, would be no objection. This very care would only attach us to them by an additional tie. Nor would we object to this mode of planting grounds because it requires more study and reflection. Here the pursuit of information would be its own reward. And he who should construct such a garden-scene would perform a work honorable to himself and full of interest to every intelligent beholder. It would be something above the tangled mass of a wild forest, something better than the formal and monotonous rows of trees and bushes so common in our door-yards; it would be a scene in which the scholar, the poet, the man of sensibility, the Christian, would each find something to quicken his thoughts and to yield him a perpetual delight. This, it seems to us, would be the perfection of ornamental gardening.

The subject we have considered leads us to venture a criticism upon a certain canon of writers on landscape gardening. It is commonly recommended that, in choosing a site for a country residence, one should be selected, if possible, that is already covered with native trees. This would answer very well, if trees were wanted only to furnish an abundance of shade. But this is a small part of their use. They are wanted for their individual as well as combined beauty, for their fitness and for the associations connected with them. When forest-trees have grown in open situations, detached from one another, they are, sometimes, all that could be desired on the score of beauty. But where such cannot be found, it is much better to choose a naked site, cultivate the soil thoroughly, draw up a well-considered plan according to which the grounds shall be planted, select trees and shrubs suited to the place they are to occupy, and then rear them with all possible care. In a few years they will present to the discriminating eye a finer scene than could be produced by any number of tall, naked denizens of the woods.

But however this may be on the score of simple beauty and fitness, we maintain that the aboriginal growth of the soil till now uncultivated is deficient in one important respect, the charm of association. The wild forest-trees of Massachusetts have not the interest which attaches to the ancient trees of Cambridge and the Boston Common. The venerable elms overshadowing the New Haven Green are more venerable than elms of the same size and age in the woods of Connecticut. The trees around our oldest family mansions derive their chief interest from the domestic history which has transpired beneath them. We maintain, accordingly, that, in choosing a site for a country dwelling, it is not important to select one already covered with forest-trees. Such trees have no history. Their associations, so far as they have any, are those of savage life, or of a wild, unpeopled solitude. And were a new home established among them, there would be no proper connection between them and the life-experience of that home. Very pleasant, indeed, it would be, on many accounts, to have trees already grown about one's doorstep,—it would save a vast deal of time and labor and care; but a thoughtful man would always feel that there was something out of keeping between the new home and the old trees, that it would take many years to civilize them, and that, at best, their early history would be barren, utterly void of any human interest. He would rather plant his trees when he plants his house, and let both grow together and have a common history.

In this connection, we will venture another criticism. It is deemed important by many, in preparing new grounds, to remove into them very large trees, for the sake of producing an immediate effect; or, in other words, of giving to a new estate the appearance of an older one. This work is accomplished by taking up the trees in winter with huge balls of frozen earth attached to the roots, raising them by means of pulleys or machines constructed for the purpose, and hauling them to the desired place by powerful teams of horses or oxen. Operations of this kind have been performed in England and in this country with a good degree of success. Undoubtedly, there are some advantages in this plan, yet

we think it open to objections. To say nothing about the mutilation of trees thus removed, from which they seldom fully recover so as to regain their native health and beauty, trees thus planted lack the associations which should belong to them; nay, they acquire some unpleasant associations. There is a species of felt deception about groves and avenues made to order by machinery. They did not grow there; they are interlopers; they were brought thither while men slept, by some kind of trickery, or at least by some artificial process, and set up full-grown to impose on all beholders.

In speaking of ornament in architecture, Ruskin says that its agreeableness arises, not only from its abstract beauty, but also from "the sense of human labor and care spent upon it"; from the fact that "the record of thoughts, and intents, and trials, and heart-breakings, — of recoveries and joyfulnesses of success," — has been associated with it. "As a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honor disdain false ornaments." He should use ornaments "wrought by the human hand, not those cast in moulds or cut by machinery to imitate the work of the hand. He should abhor all short, cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honor." So say we in regard to landscape gardening. Pleasant as it might be to have our trees and shrubs brought and planted for us full-grown, as by magic, we should hesitate to accept the gift. They would be false, machine-made ornaments, entirely wanting in any flavor of human thought and labor and care. If a few old trees happened to occupy our chosen building-site, we would not cut them down; rather would we be thankful for their comforting shade while trees of our own planting were growing. But we would not transplant old trees into our grounds. We would select young trees and shrubs, some for their native beauty of form, branches, leaves, and flowers, others for their associations, whether historical, poetical, domestic, or otherwise. These we would group together into one harmonious scene. We would do this work, so far as possible, with our own hands, — at least, it should be done under our personal supervision. Our own life should be

mixed up with the life of each tree and plant. The hearts and hands of those we love should be interested and occupied in their cultivation. Day by day, and year by year, we would watch their progress, nursing their feebleness, rejoicing in their healthy growth, until at length we might sit beneath their expanding boughs or pluck their abundant flowers and fruit. Such a garden would be worthy of the name. Its very ground would be hallowed. On the branches of every tree would hang gentle thoughts and pleasant memories. Its shrubs and plants would suggest ideas as varied as the forms of their leaves, and fancies as airy as the fragrance of their flowers. Such a garden would be a charmed spot, because linked with so much that is deeply and permanently interesting to the mind and heart of man.

ART. VIII. — *La Civilization au Vième Siècle. Introduction à une Histoire de la Civilization aux Temps Barbares, suivie d'un Essai sur les Écoles en Italie, du Vième au XIII. Siècle.* Par A. F. OZANAM, Professeur de Littérature Étrangère à la Faculté de Lettres de Paris. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre et C^{ie}. 1855. 2 vols. pp. 395, 433.

THE time has gone by when the charge of frivolity can with justice be brought against the French as a nation. Although still distinguished for their exquisite taste and skill in the ornamental arts, they now actively pursue the more practical interests of life, and during the last twenty-five years have made wonderful strides in all material improvements. The prejudices of a great monarchical and military people against the occupations of the middle classes no longer exist; and a marquis of the old *noblesse*, whose ancestors may have figured in the Crusades, no longer hesitates to work a paper-mill, to head a railroad company, or to join in any commercial enterprise from which profit is likely to accrue. With few exceptions, there are no longer any idle men in